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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLIV. CHICAGO, MARCH 1, 1900. NUMBER 27

The Yangtze Valley

AND BEYOND.

AN ACCOUNT OF JOURNEYS IN CHINA, CHIEFLY IN THE PROVINCE OF SZE CHUAN AND AMONG THE MAN-TZE OF THE SOMO TERRITORY

MRS. J. F. BISHOP,

(Isabella S. Bird), F.R.G.S.

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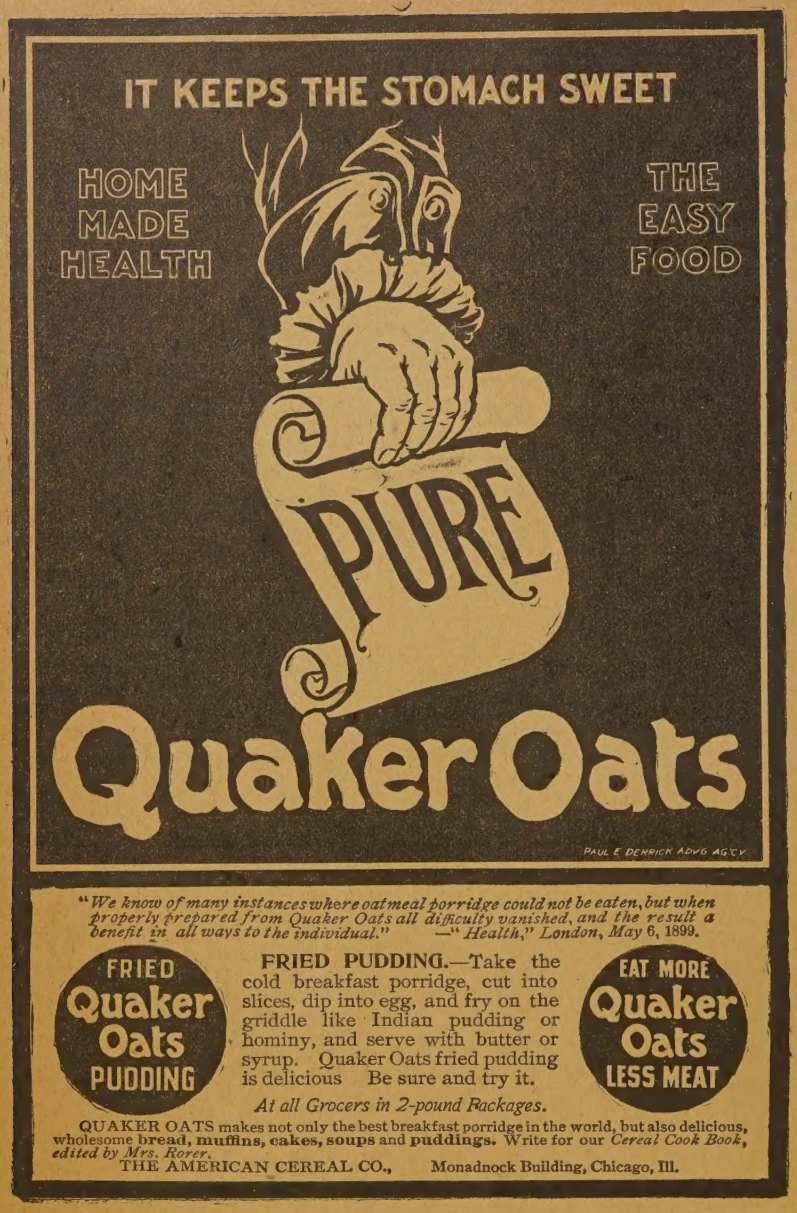

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By JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

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WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT IT.

A book of charm and power. It has the strength of simplicity and the sweetness of sincerity. It is fitted to brighten and better human life.—HENRY VAN DYKE, *Professor of Literature, Princeton University.*

It is just the sort of book that I enjoy, a real rest to me. It takes one away from the noise-ridden city and into the wayssides, where we all ought to live for at least nine months of the year. I have a passion for out-of-door books; it is through their pages that I take my vacation.—JEANNETTE L. GILDER, *Joint Editor of the Critic, New York.*

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It is a book without a morbid note, without a sneer of cynicism. It has an abundance of those qualities which Sabatier has told us the world connects with the character of Christ, "optimism without frivolity, seriousness without despair.—F. E. DEWHURST, *in Indianapolis Evening News.*

I read it two hours without a break and am refreshed in spirit and purpose.—W. D. HOARD, *Ex-Governor of Wisconsin.*

I find more religion than theology in this book, which fact is very gratifying to me.—A. H. LEWIS, D.D., *Editor of the Sabbath Recorder, Plainfield, N. J.*

Mr. Jones' name may be added to the authors of "Black Beauty," "Beautiful Joe," "Loveliness," as showing tenderest sympathy with dumb creatures, but "Jess" is far more than a

These papers teach religion from an observation of country scenery, doing so in a manner always interesting and often eloquent.—SCOTSMAN, *Edinburgh.*

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UNITY

VOLUME XLIV. THURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1900. NUMBER 27

UNITY goes to press this week while the Senior Editor is in attendance at the Wisconsin Congress. The contribution that may be missed in UNITY will be invested in Green Bay the result of which will rejoice UNITY readers further on. Green Bay is on the way to Boston. The Wisconsin Congress is one more step in the preparation. After this is over the cry will be "On to Boston!"

UNITY extends cordial greeting to Rev. Henry Faville who leaves the Congregational Church of La Crosse, Wisconsin, to take charge of the Leavitt Street Church, Chicago. Henry follows his twin brother John into Illinois, and we have no doubt will maintain the family traditions so well established at Peoria. With such men as Haynes, Beaton, Dewhurst, Thorpe and Faville in the pulpit, the banner of Congregationalism in Chicago must not only maintain the advanced position already taken, but be borne forward on lines that will make for unity and the co-operation that is the inspiration of to-day and the necessity of to-morrow.

In the recent burning of the Trinity M. E. Church of Chicago, there is given an unexpected opportunity for a wealthy society, led by a live minister, to adjust itself to the new problems and the new duties of a church. This church was one of the most expensive and impressive of the Protestant churches of this city, occupying a proud position on Michigan boulevard. Now that its many pinnacles, blackened by smoke and incased in ice are waiting to be taken down, Pastor McLennon, a progressive and sympathetic man, is actively working at the architectural problem that is a part of the problem of the live church of to-day.

Nothing has occurred of late more impressive than the withdrawing of Susan B. Anthony from the presidency of the National Suffrage Association in the eightieth year of her age. Through the long hot years of agitation, years of ridicule, abuse and misrepresentation, Miss Anthony has maintained her dignity, preserved her poise and kept her head and she has it yet, "the noblest Roman of them all." When the roll is compiled of the nation's real heroes and heroines, the name of Susan B. Anthony will stand high in the list and school children will read in clear letters this name when the names of the captains of war and the conquerors on sea and land will be blurred or perchance forgotten altogether.

There is measureless pathos in the will of Philip Armour, Junior, son of the great packer, who recently met an early death in California. He leaves an estate estimated at eight million of dollars, all of which is left to be divided equally between his wife and two little children aged respectively seven and five years. These two little boys are to have not less than ten thousand dollars a year lavished on them annually until twenty-one years of age, and then they are to come into the possession of nearly three millions each. Poor boys! Their father meant them well, but sad is their fate unless the world and its great instrumentalities for the intellectual, moral and spiritual elevation of her children will be more thoughtful of the needs of his children than their well meaning father seems to have been of that world of whose help his children have come into such unexpected need.

The Advance quotes President Schurman as saying, "I regret that Americans have ever been allowed to establish saloons in the Philippines for the Filipinos are a temperate people and the sight of an intoxicated American disgusts them; nothing has done so much damage to the reputation of the American people as this." It further gives the testimony of Chaplain Wells of the First Regiment of Tennessee Volunteers, who testifies to the debauching of natives and American soldiers by this disgusting trade. We join with our neighbor the Advance in saying, "We cannot afford thus to stultify ourselves. The effect of liquor upon these semi-civilized races is too well known to be countenanced by a nation which is fighting to obtain control over a people solely by their benevolent desire for their higher welfare." Surely there are some forces at work here besides "benevolent desire."

The preliminary announcement of the Chicago Institute lies before us in the shape of a most attractive pamphlet showing elevation and ground plans of the new building and officially setting forth the nature, scope and the proposed equipment of this new institution generously founded by Mrs. Blaine and of which Colonel F. W. Parker is president. The prospectus is touched with pathos, for Emanuel R. Boyer, who had resigned the principalship of the South Division High School in Chicago that he might accept the position of director of the new institute, has been suddenly taken away just as his head was seething with noble plans and his hands busy with the preliminary arrangements. Pneumonia, the swift angel, cut him short in his youth and in the usefulness that seemed to open out into long and promising vistas. May there be other hands found to take up the work. Of the many hopeful educational institutions in connection with Chicago no one carries more promise and from which can be expected more prophetic and

creative work than this institute established by a generous woman and directed by an experienced reformer.

The visit of Dr. Eliot, president of Harvard college, to Chicago, was a season of refreshment to college workers. The sons of Harvard rallied around him in an enthusiastic banquet and on Sunday afternoon at four o'clock he spoke at the vesper service of the University of Chicago in Kent's Theatre. He told them how Harvard University undertakes to look after the spiritual well being and promote the religious interests of its students. For thirteen years attendance at chapel has been voluntary in Harvard, but the chapel has been well filled notwithstanding. Five different preachers from as many different denominations serve as chaplains for six weeks each and during the week they receive the confidences and the perplexities of such students as may call upon them. President Eliot is of the opinion that there has been a marked decline in church attendance of all churches except the Roman Catholic, but he thinks there has been no attendant decline in good works. He takes it as evidence of change of opinions and search for more fundamental principles which are to be found in the essential teachings of William Ellery Channing and the Unitarian denomination of which he declared himself a member.

A recent number of the *Literary Digest* compiles from *Leslie's Weekly* some interesting figures. It estimates that the Bible output of the century reaches two hundred and eighty millions, one hundred and sixty millions of which have been put out by the British and Foreign Bible Society; and the American Bible Society has put out sixty-six million. These books have found their way into all the corners of the globe, borne hither by great ocean steamers, continental railroad lines and the humbler means of pack horse and the colporteurs that cross mountains, penetrate wild valleys afoot and alone. After discounting the extravagant claim made for the book as containing the adequate and only revelation of God notwithstanding the selfish superstition and immense wastage that may be discovered in these figures, they still represent a factor in human civilization, a leverage in human elevation that outreaches all the computation. In some way or another the priceless treasures imbedded in the book, the prophet's chivalric loyalty to duty and the pitying heart of Jesus, borne abroad by the book, represent the conquering army that ameliorates the barbarities of war and in the long run will flank the generals of the world and scatter their armies in such a way that they never again will rally.

The school teachers are in possession of Chicago this week. The winter session of the National Educational Association, which brings together the principals and directors of education from all over the country is holding its meetings as we go to press. President Eliot of Harvard, Professor Butler of Columbia and President Wheeler of the University of California were heard last Monday at a great mass meeting at Central Music Hall, the Chicago schools unfortunately furnishing them a text. These great educators combined in denouncing the attempt to run public schools by committees and the management by "pools." They united in pleading for the one man power that will bring the highest spiritual efficiency to bear upon this greatest problem of modern government. Professor Butler said: "There is one interest which is never represented before the bar of a 'pull,' that is, the interest of the school children. There is 'pull' for appointment, 'pull' for transfer, 'pull' for advancement, but no 'pull' for school child. The man or woman who will prey upon these helpless school children is seven times seven deeper in crimes against humanity than the public politician who merely loots the public treasury. You can put money back, but you cannot restore life." These words, though applicable to Chicago, are doubtless needed throughout the length and breadth of our land.

"The Lost Leader."

Washington's birthday has come and gone and as predicted in a previous note in these columns, the Union League Club of Chicago, departing from its honorable custom and abandoning the noble precedent hitherto established, of celebrating the day in such a way as would deepen the common life of the community, magnify the traditions of the country about which there can be no dispute, took up the partisan issue of expansion and made the day memorable by devoting it to controversial ends. The demonstration was a brilliant social event and popular success.

But this unworthy use of a holiday, of which we have none too many, however disappointing to the large class of citizens who do not believe in expansion but who in intelligence and patriotism are not second to those who do, was overlaid by the greater disappointment in the nature of the argument put forth by the orator of the day.

President Schurman of Cornell University is a man of conspicuous position, and academic eminence. When he first appeared upon the horizon of American scholarship he gave promise of mastership in some of the higher departments of thought. Many of his friends, pupils and followers waited with anxiety for his statement of the case, hoping that he would be able to divulge out of his observation as a member of the Philippine Commission some facts and considerations that would put the present war on the Filipinos in a better light and justify on higher grounds the military aggression that has been carried on under the direction of President McKinley and his Cabinet. We had a right to expect that, at least in the utterance of President Schurman the humane and spiritual considerations would receive first attention and most prominent handling.

Great then was our disappointment in finding that even this college president pitched his key on essentially the same low note as that of Colonel Denby. The main drift of his justification of expansion was

the need of some new outlet to American industries. He talked about entering upon "a vast Oriental commercial estate." He did not hesitate to use the brutal argument of the Philistine that "the commercial expansion which the marvelous growth of our capital and industries" found unexpected encouragement in the "roar of Dewey's guns" and the "brilliant feats of her armies under Otis." There was some play upon the word "expansion," coupling the "boundless extension of human knowledge" and the "vast enlargement of human power" with the expansion of the government of the United States over the Philippines which he said "destiny had dropped into our reluctant laps." There were some telling sentences against the jingoism the very arguments of which the college president himself had appropriated and used.

President Schurman may remain in the list of successful manipulators of college resources; he may in the future as in the past prove himself an eligible functionary in American politics or a skilful diplomatist, but to many he may never again hold the place of a thinker, and particularly the place of the cosmopolitan lover of men, the spiritual interpreter of the laws of universal brotherhood that they once granted to him and fain would have preserved for him.

Those who believe that civilization is not identical with commerce and that the American flag is not yet an adequate symbol of humanity and who believe that it can never become such by the use of brute force or military aggression, and furthermore that nations as well as individuals have no right to "covet their neighbor's goods," have lost one more leader.

We shall march prospering,—not through his presence,
Song may inspirit us,—not from his lyre.

At Ruskin's Funeral.

It was in a drenching downpour that Mr. Ruskin's body was brought yesterday from Brantwood. In the church the coffin was placed upon the bier which has frequently done similar duty for the humbler dead of the parish. The village choir sang "Peace, Perfect Peace," and Miss Bowness, the organist, played the "Dead March." The inner shell of the coffin was open over the face and fitted with glass to give Mr. Ruskin's friends a last opportunity of looking upon his features. The face bore a beautifully calm and peaceful expression, and it was remarked that Mr. Ruskin's hair retained its singular yellow-gray color so familiar to his friends for many years. The church having been visited by some hundreds of people, many of whom had traveled considerable distances, the coffin was closed in early yesterday (Wednesday) evening. Visitors, however, continued to pass the bier until 10 o'clock at night, and after that hour and until the reopening of the church this morning a band of villagers kept watch in relays of two.... The wreaths came from all parts of Great Britain, and there was one from Ireland—sent by Victoria School, Londonderry. Mr. G. F. Watts sent a crown of laurel from a shrub at Limnerslease, and with it the following note: "A wreath of the true laurel, the victor's crown, to lay at his feet. It comes from our garden, and has been cut before three times only—for Tennyson, Leighton, and Burne-Jones. This time for the last of my friends." The inscription accompanying the wreath was "With profound admiration and deep affection."

—From the Manchester Guardian.

Good Poetry.

Parting.

If thou dost bid thy friend farewell,
But for one night though that farewell may be,
Press thou his hand in thine.
How canst thou tell how far from thee
Fate or caprice may lead his steps ere that to-morrow comes?
Men have been known to lightly turn the corner of a street,
And days have grown to months, and months to lagging years,
Ere they have looked in loving eyes again.
Parting, at best, is underlaid
With tears and pain.

Therefore, lest sudden death should come between,
Or time, or distance, clasp with pressure firm
The hand of him who goeth forth;
Unseen, Fate goeth too.
Yes, find thou always time to say some earnest word
Between the idle talk,
Lest with thee henceforth,
Night and day, regret should walk.

—Coventry Patmore.

Driving Home the Cows.

Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass
He turned them into the river-lane;
One after another he let them pass,
And fastened the meadow bars again.

Under the willows and over the hill
He patiently followed their sober pace;
The merry whistle for once was still,
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy! and his father had said
He never would let his youngest go;
Two already were lying dead
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,
And the frogs were loud in the meadow-swamp,
Over his shoulder he slung his gun
And stealthily followed the foot-path damp,

Across the clover and through the wheat,
With resolute heart and purpose grim,
Though cold was the dew to the hurrying feet,
And the blind bat's flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lane been white,
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom;
And now, when the cows came back at night,
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm
That three were lying where two had lain;
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer days grew cold and late,
He went for the cows, when the work was done;
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,
He saw them coming, one by one,—

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,
Shaking their horns in the evening wind;
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass—
But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air
The empty sleeve of army blue;
And worn and pale, from the crisping hair
Looked out a face that the father knew.

For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn,
And yield their dead unto life again;
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes;
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb,
And under the silent evening skies
Together they followed the cattle home.

—Kate Putnam Osgood.

The New Jesuitism.

A political doctrine is now preached in our midst that is the most alarming evidence of moral decay that ever appeared in American history. Its baleful significance consists, not simply in its moral hatefulness, but in the fact that its advocates are so numerous and so prominent.

It is this: A powerful nation, representative of civilization, has the right, for the general good of humanity, to buy, conquer, subjugate, control, and govern feeble and backward races and peoples, without reference to their wishes or opinions.

This is preached from pulpits as the gospel of Christ. It is proclaimed in executive documents as American statesmanship. It is defended in legislative halls as the beginning of a more glorious chapter in human history. It is boastfully declaimed from the platform as the first great act in the regeneration of mankind. It is published in innumerable editorials, red with cries for blood and hot with lust for gold, as the call of God to the American people.

But how came these men to know so clearly the mind of the Almighty? Was the cant of piety ever more infamously used? Was selfishness ever more wantonly arrayed in the vestments of sanctity? Is this the modern chivalry of the strong to the weak? Then let us surrender all our fair ideals and admit that might alone makes right. Is this the duty of great nations to small peoples? Then morality is a fiction. Is this the gospel of Jesus? Then let us repudiate the Golden Rule. Is this the crowning lesson of America to the world? Then let us renounce our Democracy.

This doctrine is a political Jesuitism infinitely more immoral than that of the old ecclesiastics. It is the maxim of bigotry, "The end justifies the means," reshaped by ambition and greed. The mask is too thin and black. The colonial motive is not love for others. It is described by the word unwittingly put on their banners: *Expansion*, the expansion of our selfish selves.

This teaching unbars the bottomless pit and lets loose upon the world every demon that ever vexed the human race. It unchains every wild passion that has lingered in man's blood since it flowed upward from the brute. It turned every thumbscrew that tortured heretics. It piled the fagots about every burning martyr. It laid on the lash that drew blood from the back of every suffering slave. It prepares the path for the despot to reach his throne of tyranny and arms him with instruments of oppression.

It was against this denial of both God and humanity that the Barons hurled themselves at Runnymede. For its overthrow, Old Ironsides fought at Naseby and Marston Moor. To banish this theory of human affairs from the new world Washington suffered at Valley Forge and contended at Yorktown. To destroy the last vestige of this hateful policy, Grant conquered at Appomattox. This is not true Americanism, but the contradiction of every principle for which we have contended and in which we have gloried for over a century. This is not the upward way of civilization, but the backward descent to barbarism.

If this be Duty, let us recite no more the Master's creed of love. If this be Destiny, let us proclaim no more the rights of men. If this be patriotism, let us sing no more "America." We must rewrite the "Star Spangled Banner," and make its theme the praise of conquest and colonization. We must erase the motto, "E Pluribus Unum," and inscribe instead: "One nation in authority over many people." We must tear up the Declaration of Independence and put in its place "A Summary of the Duties of Colonists to Their Master." But this is political atheism.

Something more than the welfare of distant peoples is at stake. We condemn this teaching and policy, not simply to secure justice for the brown man, but to insure justice and freedom for ourselves. The motive of our protest is more than friendship for him: it is devotion to principles of liberty that are the necessary conditions of universal human progress. The feelings of sympathy and justice ought to rule us in these relations. But every advocate of our present national policy outrages these sentiments whenever he makes his defense. His words ring false. And yet, the heart of the matter lies far deeper. The true glory of America is imperiled. The happiness of our descendants is assailed. The mission of America as the representative and guardian of liberty is in question. The perpetuity of free institutions hangs in the balance.

We cannot worship this golden calf and go unscourged. We cannot violate the principles of our government and enjoy the blessings of those principles. We cannot deny freedom across the ocean and maintain it at home. This nation cannot endure with part of its people citizens and part colonists. The flag will lose all its glory if it floats at once over freemen and subjects. We cannot long rule other men and keep our own liberty. In the high and holy name of humanity, we are trampling upon the rights of men. But Nemesis will wake. The mask will fall; our joy shall be bitterness; we shall find ourselves in chains.

Most of all, we lament the stain that has come to our flag, not from the soldier carrying it, but from the policy that has compelled him to carry it in an unjust cause. On executive hands falls, not only the blood of the hunted islander, but the blood of the American murdered by the ambition that sent him to invade distant lands. What we most deplore is the surrender that we as a nation have made of our leadership in the world's great work of human emancipation. What we most bitterly mourn is that we, by our selfish dreams of mere commercialism, have piled obstacles mountain high in the way of progress.

What is most surprising and most alarming is the fact that large numbers of our people still call this national ambition for conquest and dominion a form of exalted patriotism. But we are surely under the spell of a malign influence. A false Americanism has captivated our reason and corrupted our conscience. May this hypnotic lethargy, induced by the glittering but deceptive bauble of imperialism, speedily pass away; and may these fellow citizens become again true Americans, free to labor for the liberty of all men and intent on helping the lowly of all lands to independence.

JOSEPH HENRY CROOKER.

Ann Arbor, Michigan, Feb. 22, 1900.

"Ez fer war, I call it murder—
There you hev it plain an' flat;
I don't want to go no furder
Than my Testyment fer that;
* * * * * *
'Tain't your eppyletts an' feathers
Make the thing a grain more right;
'Tain't a-follerin' your bell-wethers
Will excuse ye in His sight;
Ef you take a sword an' dror it,
An' go stick a feller thru,
Guv-ment ain't to answer fer it,
God will send the bill to you."

—*James Russell Lowell.*

Every step in the progress of the world has been a new "control." It has been the escaping from the tyranny of a fact, to the understanding and mastery of that fact. All phases of electrical invention are but manifestations of control over a great force. But the greatest of all "control" is self-control.

William G. Jordan.

Pundita Ramabai.

In a recent letter to the Executive Committee, Ramabai writes as follows:

"The plague has almost disappeared from Poona, and the Plague Committee have relaxed their rules to such an extent that I find it possible to bring some of the girls to Sharada Sadan. Three of the higher classes, and two of the primary standards are here. It is so nice to see this home again occupied by our girls. Still our life is so uncertain that we may be driven out of Poona at any moment. The plague is increasing in Bombay, last week's death returns being 1350, and this dreadful foe of mankind may again make its way to Poona. There is no peace, no certainty, and we are thankful to God for giving us a place of shelter during this time of famine and scarcity of water. The fruit trees look very bad and dry. The garden does not produce vegetables. Our animals, especially the milch and buffalo cows, are looking almost like skeletons. Fodder is very dear. I bought a quantity at a great price, but it will not last more than three months, and then God knows what we shall do. Starving people, the old and infirm, widows, deserted wives, and orphans, the lame, the blind, and lepers flock around our establishment in hopes of getting food. We cannot eat our full measure while so many are being starved to death. So most of us, including little girls under nine and ten years of age, have resolved to give up some of our meals for the hungry poor. I am thankful to God and all the friends for sending me money. I have stopped the building work, and am putting all the money I can spare into deepening the old wells and digging a new well on the Sharada Sadan farm. To save the girls and animals from water famine seems to be the first duty now. The Lord bless all the donors for sending this money in this time of great need.

The Executive Committee desire to add their thanks to Ramabai's to all who have responded so promptly and generously to her "Silent appeal" in the November circular. The donations have come from far and near, in small sums and large sums. Oftentimes with expressions of tender sympathy and great confidence. All sums accompanied by name and address of donors have been acknowledged by the Chairman.

And now the Committee would call attention to the necessity of an assured annual income for the support and education of these famine rescued girls until they can support themselves. This they are being taught through the various industrial departments of the school as rapidly as the means will allow.

The desired result would be more speedily and effectually obtained if every friend of Ramabai would interest himself or herself in the formation of new circles with fees from one dollar upward; in increasing the membership of old circles; and in securing scholarships of $100 annually for the Sharada Sadan, and $45 annually for Mukti.

Ramabai's many friends in Chicago will be glad to know that the old Chicago circle, so loyal during the ten years' pledge, has been reorganized.

The present President is Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley, 1882 Diversey Ave. The Treasurer, Miss Margaret Furness, 417 Orchard St., will gladly receive and promptly acknowledge all subscriptions sent to her. Will not the business and professional men of Chicago gladden the heart and strengthen the hands of Ramabai in her self-sacrificing work by becoming generous members of the Chicago circle?

(Signed) J. W. Andrews, Chairman,
For the Committee.

36 Rutland Square, Boston.

The Pulpit.

Sermons to the Classes.—IV. Of Workingmen.

BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, DELIVERED IN ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 18, 1900.

"Working Men!" "Working Men!" How easily spoken, how flippantly used and still how baffling as a term of classification; how inadequate either as a term of commendation or of reproach.

"Working Men!" Who are they, anyhow?

Are they those who work for wages? Who does not work for wages? Are they bread winners? Who will confess to eating bread unwon? Are they those who work with their hands as distinguished from those who work with their brains? What are hands worth undirected by brains? What work so low and simple that does not necessitate immediate, continuous, direct control of nerve and brain? No brawn can make hoe or ax, pick or shovel, of any use to employed or employer except in so far as it is subservient to and dominated by brain and no work of nerve is so independent of muscle that its activity does not either exhaust or strengthen the other as the adjustment may be. Shall we say that unskilled labor represents the domain of the working man? Psychologically as well as physically there is no such thing as "unskilled labor." Let him who thinks there is, try his hand on ax, shovel, hoe or plow and find out what deposits of skill of days, months, aye, generations of training are involved in the successful felling of a tree or even the loading of a wheel barrow. Let him who talks of the unskilled labor of the farm try to milk a cow, harness a team, much less break a colt, plant a tree, plow, plant, cultivate and harvest a field of corn, and realize how much skill is involved, or if he would locate his unskilled labor in the city, let him seek the lowest toil and find that it is no fool's job to sweep a street, shovel coal, clean windows or to make soiled garments clean.

Who are the laboring men? Certainly not only those who wear patched clothes and eat coarse bread; certainly not only those who work in the fields or in the shop. Tolstoi's division of humanity into people who do coarse work, people who do hand work, and people who do brain work, and people who do nothing at all, has but little value. For these distinctions fade the one into the other as those thus classified are passing continually from one class into the other. Even the distinction between employer and employe is never fixed enough to warrant the planting of any ethical distinctions or principles upon this classification, and they are so unstable as to render even economic lines extremely uncertain and unsatisfactory. The employed of to-day may be the employer of to-morrow. And he who hires the hands that labor at the forge and the bench is himself hired by the contractor who in turn serves the so-called capitalist who is the product of and willingly or otherwise the servant of a more or less exacting, more or less stupid society which in the long run will assert its mastership and will demand service and obedience from the hired man who represents accumulated dollars as much as from the man who represents accumulated energy, accumulated dexterity or accumulated muscle, for surely the man who always sinks his ax into the log and never into his foot, who knows how to block up the shaft and work the drift a mile under ground; and the woman who measures her quantities by pinches and "seasons to taste," represent an accumulated capital just as much as the man who can show his certificate of bank deposits, only

they represent capital as much more valuable than the capital in the bank as life is more certain and secure than the possessions which the bank represents.

There is no independency in the world. We are all of us dependent creatures and every onward step in civilization increases the complexity. So dependent are we that the millionaire would starve for want of bread or freeze for want of coal in Chicago, in a few weeks if the great supplying multitudes were to suspend their providence, were the milch cows neglected, the mills stopped or the railroads suspended; but he is most independent who carries around most skilled muscle, trained nerves and disciplined mind in his shoes, and he is most dependent who knows how to do the fewest things, who is most helpless in stress of weather or pinch of circumstances. She is the dependent woman who cannot make a loaf of bread, darn a pair of stockings or make her own dress.

So we come to the only industrial classification that holds,—of workers versus drones: people who earn their living and people who steal their living. There is no middle class. Unless there is an adequate return for value received one is a defaulter. If the world must be classified on industrial lines, let it be classified into workers and beggars, those who are self-supporting and those who are paupers. Work means life, Laziness is slow or belated death. The lazy man or woman, those who shirk their share of toil of one kind or another, those who fail to invest, direct, enlarge upon life's resources are already in league with the undertaker; they are on the road to the cemetery. The gravest of economic crimes, the saddest of spiritual conditions is laziness, a reluctance to work, an unwillingness to bear one's share of the burden, to do one's share of the work of the world.

I have already said enough to establish the proposition that the nature of the work is unimportant, the character of legitimate labor is capable of infinite variation and he is as worthy who seeks employment for hands as he who seeks employment for brains if indeed they are not in the last analysis much the same.

And still let me not sacrifice facts to formulas. There are degrees in labor and there is a difference in work. Work may be and often is a burden and not a pleasure, a task and not a joy. Carlyle notwithstanding, there is not always a "perennial nobleness in work." It is true that work does not always bring bodily comfort, mental growth or spiritual peace. Work is oftentimes so grievous that it leaves its victims so stiff in body and dwarfed in mind, so uncouth in manners and rude in feeling, so brutalized in passion and so beclouded in intellect that one is tempted to regret all the so-called "achievements of civilization," and bemoan the so-called "triumphs of art" and begrudge the luxuries that spring therefrom and pray for the coming again the indolence and ease, the careless life of the barbarian or the speedy death that visited the savage man whenever his resources were inadequate.

Let no one ask any laboring man to be "reconciled" to the lot that compels him to live on inadequate food in crowded and unwholesome quarters and withholds from his children the privileges of education, the pleasures of art, the amenities represented by adequate sleep-time and the holidays and vacations necessary to preserve strength of body and buoyancy of mind. Life is not worth living when it takes all its energy to earn just enough to keep body and soul together to pay for rent, board and clothes. There is a labor that is debilitating and there are laborers all around us impoverished by overwork. "The man with the hoe" is no foreign product found only in the impoverished rural districts of France where Millet is supposed to have seen him and painted perhaps the last of his kind. But this man is in evidence wherever soul is overlaid, and mind is beaten back by toil, and whenever the night fails to bring full restoration for the expenditures of the day. "The man with the hoe" is companioned by the woman with the needle or the man with the pencil or the pen, where the struggle for existence has crowded out the joy of life and the spirit has become

> A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
> Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox.

And such are to be seen all around us, in counting rooms as well as in machine shops, on the street car as well as on the farm. Little children as well as gray haired women testify to the existence of a toil that is a curse, and the sermon of working men that evades this awful fact by its generalities and its theory of classification, is but "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal."

O the overworked and underpaid children of men, the fathers fighting for the life of their children with waning strength; the mothers standing with more than Spartan fortitude between their children and want, still loyal though the heart is broken, still diligent though hope is gone, patient long after patience seems to have ceased to be a virtue. Surely

> Down all the stretch of hell to its last gulf
> There is no shape more terrible than this—
> More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—
> More filled with signs and portents for the soul—
> More fraught with menace to the universe.

This is the question of questions in our day: How to ameliorate the lot of the overworked, bring joy into the life of the worker; how to so administer and distribute the immeasurable bounties of nature and the ever growing resources of human nature that all who will may enter into a measure of the joy of living, the growth of mind, the consolations of the heart and the unutterable strength of companionship with things transcendent and the infinite source from which they flow; how to give every fellow a fair chance in the world, are the great questions of our day. Let ecclesiastics strive as they may to keep alive denominational enthusiasm or creed vigilance; let political manipulators shout as they please the old rallying cry of republican or democrat, populist or prohibitionist, they cannot command the first-class attention or direct the highest enthusiasm of the community because this great main question of the day stares them in the face, demands their first attention. Creeds and votes, invasions and wars, politics and religion, are all summoned to answer this question concerning laboring men. Their representatives are tested by their interest in this question and the outcome of their activities measured by the contribution made to the solution of this question. The tyranny of the priest is well nigh gone, the tyranny of the king is broken, the door of the political dungeon lies rusting off its hinges; even the glittering buttons and lace of armies are ceasing to charm; the forts of the world are under suspicion, the armies of the would be civilized world are in the attitude of the apologists trying to excuse themselves for being, but commercial unfairness, economic tyranny and industrial war rages all around us and senate, convention, press and pulpit are compelled to apply themselves to this main question of our day. From the discussion of this question no excuse will be accepted and no furlough will be granted.

Let us then consider for a while some of the possible means of the laboring men's escape from the burdens of his labor.

The old answer and the answer still first in mind and most promptly acted upon is that of "more accumulation." This to be acquired, first by more

work, then by economy and lastly by speculation or investment.

This is an important answer. Even the squirrels in the long days of summer provide for the severe days of winter. Foresight is forever a measure of life's intelligence. Thrift belongs to the wise. Much of the misery of the poor can be traced to the improvidence of the poor, the butterfly, indifferent to the future, the grasshopper's short ranged enjoyment of the sunshine. Any relief to working men that leaves out the fundamental virtues of sobriety and thrift will leave them ever in the toils of poverty, ever threatened by the pangs of hunger and of cold. No combination in unions, no concerted action in the way of strikes and combines, no obedience to a walking delegate can atone for thriftless lives or save the indulgent laborer from the penalties of his indulgence. Any suspension of this discussion in the interest of the individual's responsibility in these directions, in the presence of the wider discussion of our corporate responsibility will be at the peril of the individual's strength and to the postponement of his triumph. It is undramatic, painfully familiar and, in the minds of the superficial, unprofitable to talk about sobriety and cleanliness, purity of speech and simplicity of habit as elements in the so-called labor problem, but they are there notwithstanding, and there to stay. They were there before the labor union was heard of. They will remain there after the labor union has done its best and its utmost. The hod carrier who daily burns up five cents in cheap tobacco in his cob pipe and pours down his throat ten cents worth a day of beer, has worse than wasted fifty-four dollars and seventy-five cents of his income in a year, and he himself is responsible for the wastage. There is no ethical or physiological excuse for it, and that fifty-four dollars and seventy-five cents is just what would have provided his children with comfortable shoes and enabled his wife to go dressed in such a way that her self respect was not lost. Fifty cents a week spent out of the working woman's salary for the petty feminine intemperances whatever they may be,—gum, soda water, vaudeville or unwisely placed ribbon and decorations that are not decorative, makes the twenty-six dollars that would give the margin of resource that would make Christmas more joyous, and the whiff of country air possible when July sun makes city streets stifling.

One of the fundamental elements in the labor problem is the question of personal morality. Profanity, swagger, obscenity and the bumptious brutality of the bully is as detestable and blameworthy when displayed in the halls of union labor as when revealed in the saloon or the gambling den.

Much can be accomplished by accumulation, but no personal thrift, no economy or wise investment will ever give to human nature an escape from toil or a release from the drudgery of labor. There are far reaching forces of climate, pestilence, panics and death that will always sweep a certain proportion of the great labor army of the world ever on to the marginal lines of suffering and want. There is no release from toil, and the only escape from the burdens of labor must come not by its cessation, but by its glorification. This can be done only by recognizing, nay, by proving that labor is the delight of life, the law of the highest. Through labor we become creators, co-workers with God. Poets are makers, as the Greek word implies, and it is possible for all makers to enter into the joys of the poet. Labor can be transfigured into a habit. All tasks are difficult when first undertaken, because they are awkward; they become pleasurable in proportion as they become rhythmical, habitual. When into labor there is introduced an element of art then it begins to sing. Labor becomes gracious when it grows graceful. The apprentice burns his fingers and wearies his limb at the anvil until the hand grows skilled. Then the hammer becomes a musical instrument and the anvil gives forth a melodious accompaniment to the smith's glad song. When labor becomes the pride of the laborer, then he becomes fit object of the envy of kings.

There dwelt a miller, hale and bold,
Beside the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be:
"I envy nobody—no, not I,
And nobody envies me."

"Thou 'rt wrong, my friend," said good King Hal;
"As wrong as wrong can be;
For, could my heart be light as thine,
I'd gladly change with thee:
And tell me now, what makes thee sing
With voice so loud and free,
While I am sad, though I'm the king,
Beside the river Dee?"
The miller smiled and doffed his cap,
"I earn my bread," quoth he;
"I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three;
I owe no penny I cannot pay;
I thank the river Dee,
That turns the mill that grinds the corn
That feeds my babes and me."
"Good friend," said Hal, and sighed the while,
"Farewell, and happy be;
But say no more, if thou'dst be true,
That no one envies thee:
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown;
Thy mill my kingdom's fee;
Such men as thou are England's boast,
O miller of the Dee!"

Note the graceful motions of the fish, the confident poise of the bird on wing, the royal sufficiency of the woodpecker as he carries his red banner up and down the rotten tree trunk, the swallow's restless flitting, the night hawk's graceful curves and all the while you are but witnessing the incessant labor of the life that must hunt or starve, work or go hungry. They are at their toil but toil to them is unconscious grace. It adjusts itself to rhythm and to song.

So the working man's life becomes harmonious when it is organized into habit, when there is brought into it an element of art and above all when it is inspired by love, when he works not for himself but for another. The hand wearies not that moves in obedience to love of wife and bairns. Physical resources are doubled when a great cause waits upon the fruits thereof and the tireless workers of the world have been those who have worked for posterity, who have been enamored of humanity, who, tiring of low aims have invigorated themselves with a splendid purpose.

"Mastery is the great word of the art life," says Edward Carpenter. He might as well have left out the word "art." "Mastery is the great word of life," and the highest mastery waits not upon the fortune hunter but upon the fortune giver, not upon the man who lives to get but upon the man who gets to give. These joys are not the prerogatives of millionaires. They belong not only to some class favored or otherwise which we call capitalist, but they belong to the splendid democracy of toil.

Walt Whitman has sung "The Song of the Broad-Axe" in such a way as to make it the glad song not of dependent and begrudging labor, but of glad, triumphant, conquering labor. It teaches us

How beggarly appear arguments before a defiant deed!
How the floridness of the materials of cities shrivels before a man's or woman's look!

Under the inspiring song of the axe,

The main shapes arise!
Shapes of Democracy total, result of centuries,
Shapes ever projecting other shapes,
Shapes of turbulent manly cities,
Shapes of the friends and home-givers of the whole earth,
Shapes bracing the earth and braced with the whole earth.

The hope of labor lies in "The Song for Occupations," the place of which again Walt Whitman perhaps more nearly than any poet we know of has apprehended. When labor begins to sing, then it becomes reconciled to itself, it realizes that it belongs to the great majority, and when this mighty popularity is wedded to intelligent enthusiasm, then will it own the world consciously as it now does unconsciously, and whatever of grimness may settle now and then over the individual it will all be overarched with the infinite glory and the cry of the ground will rise heavenward like a flame of fire, leaving the ashes and cinders below, throwing only heat and radiance towards the sky. There is science as well as prophecy in Markham's—Tragedy that ends in sublimity.

Oh, the fret of the brain,
And the wounds and the worry;
Oh, the thought of love and the thought of death—
And the soul in its silent hurry.

But the stars break above,
And the fields flower under;
And the tragical life of man goes on,
Surrounded by beauty and wonder.

The Song of his Occupation brings back to the laborer his self respect. It makes of him king in his own right and the "things" men hunger for give place in the respect of working man to the heart that is the seat of the hunger. Now the working man revels in that wealth that is his birthright, which no man can take away and he will say with Walt Whitman:

When the psalm sings instead of the singer,
When the script preaches instead of the preacher,
When the pulpit descends and goes instead of the carver that carved the supporting desk,
When I can touch the body of books by night or by day, and when they touch my body back again,
When a university course convinces like a slumbering woman and child convince,
When the minted gold in the vault smiles like the night-watchman's daughter,
When warrantee deeds loaf in chairs opposite and are my friendly companions,
I intend to reach them my hand, and make as much of them as I do of men and women like you.

But I must again beware lest I miss the heart of the great contention by offering a partial solution. This great labor victory cannot be won by the maneuvering of one section of the labor army. The suffering laborers in the office, the slaves of plenty, must make common cause with the suffering laborers in the shop and the slaves of poverty. Industrial war can no more settle the ethical rights involved than can the slaughter of the battle field determine the rights of nations or settle questions of diplomacy. The few above must make common cause with the many below. The more favored in outward things must recognize the rights of the less favored and where self interest fails to lead the way the "noblesse oblige," the fine light of disinterestedness must guide them until they realize the greater joy of co-operation, mutual understanding and a common progress. Economic wars are as unscientific as are national wars Lockouts and strikes are but latter day manifestations of that age long warfare that delighted in strategy and sieges. The new solution must come by an appeal to reason, a submission to the disinterested arbitrament of competent courts of adjustment. Arbitration between capital and labor, employer and employe, besieged and besieger, between Briton and Boer, Filipino and American, is the demand of science and of justice. It is the call of wisdom as it is of religion. Shame on any party in any quarrel that is not willing to submit to such a settlement, anxious to lead on this highway of brotherhood, the great trunk line of progress.

Away with themes of war! Away with war itself!
Hence from my shuddering sight to never more return that show of blacken'd, mutilated corpses!
That hell unspent and raid of blood, fit for wild tigers or for lop-tongued wolves, not reasoning men,
And in its stead speed industry's campaigns,
With thy undaunted armies, engineering,
Thy pennants labor, loosen'd to the breeze,
Thy bugles sounding loud and clear.

* * * * * *

To you ye reverent sane sisters,
I raise a voice for far superior themes for poets and for art,
To exalt the present and the real,
To teach the average man the glory of his daily walk and trade,
To sing in songs how exercise and chemical life are never to be baffled,
To manual work for each and all, to plough, hoe, dig,
To plant and tend the tree, the berry, vegetables, flowers,
For every man to see to it that he really do something, for every woman, too;
To use the hammer and the saw (rip, or cross-cut),
To cultivate a turn for carpentering, plastering, painting,
To work as tailor, tailoress, nurse, hostler, porter,
To invent a little, something ingenious, to aid the washing, cooking, cleaning,
And hold it no disgrace to take a hand at them themselves.

Editorial

Debit and Credit.

Half the world is laboring to-day for you:
The Chinese coolie is hard at work plucking tea-leaves or wading in the rice-fields for you;
The Southern negro, the fellah of the Nile are sowing cotton under a blazing sun for you;
Factory men and women, and young girls and little children, at home and abroad, are leading cheerless, steam-driven lives for you;
Farm laborers on the prairie are toiling with sweating brows from sunrise to sunset for you;
You have slaves in every clime to-day, suffering every degree of weariness and degradation and all for you.
What are you doing for them?
Believe me, you cannot discharge this great obligation with money;
The recording angel, who keeps the book of life, knows no money except that which you have rightfully earned, and which is therefore your labor.
With other money you can only shift your duties upon the shoulders of others;
And these others already have their own duties, which they must neglect if they assume yours.
You must acquit yourself with your labor, and with your labor alone.
How, then, do your books stand?
Is the balance hopelessly against you?
If so, acknowledge your bankruptcy; tell yourself no lies; begin life again.
Henceforth insist on giving more than you get, and on serving rather than being served;
Even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto but to minister.

From Ernest Crosby's Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable.

"And to get peace, if you do want it, make for yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts. Those are nests on the sea, indeed, but safe beyond all others. Do you know what fairy palaces you may build of beautiful thoughts, proof against all adversity? Bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us; houses built without hands for our souls to live in."— *Ruskin.*

The Sunday School.

A Course of Study in the Non-Biblical Jewish Writings.

NOTES FROM THE MOTHERS' NORMAL CLASS OF ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO.

Prepared by E. H. W.

XV.

III. Maccabees.

We are beginning to realize that much of the literature of early times gathered around certain great hero names, which in our stupidity we localize and ascribe to a definite order. For instance, Enoch, instead of being a "book" of Enoch turns out to be a literature of Enoch. And the book of Daniel, instead of being the product of one mind at one time and one place, turns out to be a literature of Daniel—a cycle, an epic, as modern scholars might call it, written by no one person. Stories gathered around Daniel as around Charlemagne, Alfred or Arthur. In the same way we find that Enoch was a string upon which the generations hung good stories. And Manasseh stands out as the typical bad king, the hero of wickedness, who was brought around after a while to contrition and reformation.

The word "Maccabees" was a general term used at this time to indicate not a book but a literature. Any literature created about this time, which alluded to the martyr spirit on the Jewish side and the persecuting spirit on the Gentile side, was called Maccabean. So we have here the third book of Maccabees, which tells of a time previous to the Maccabees and does not say a word about them. It has taken the name of "Maccabees" simply because it manifests the hero spirit of the Jew and the persecuting spirit of his environment.

The third book of Maccabees is not in the Apocrypha, probably because it was not in the Vulgate. But it is contained in the earlier manuscripts of the Septuagint, the Greek version of the Bible. The western world did not know of its existence until about the sixteenth century, when some earlier copies of the Septuagint were found. And various old manuscripts have since been discovered in which this so-called third book of Maccabees is imbedded.

The story deals with the time of Ptolemy Philopater, who reigned in Egypt from 221 to 204 B. C., when Alexandria was the capital city. "Philopater" means "the father lover." And the date of the story is narrowed down to the years between 217 and 204.

Not long after the earlier of the dates just mentioned, Ptolemy Philopater started on a campaign to the northward because Antiochus the Great had seized Jerusalem and some other points in Coele-Syria, taking them away from Egypt, for poor Jerusalem was the shuttlecock between the battledores of Egypt and Syria. Egypt succeeded in turning the tide and Ptolemy Philopater entered Jerusalem. The Jews gave him welcome, for they were perhaps all along more partial to Egypt than to Syria from the fact that the Jews were much in favor in Alexandria. Philopater was treated courteously until in his arrogance and conceit he wanted to see all of the temple. Then the Jews said,—"No, only our High Priest enters the 'Holy of Holies.'" But Philopater said,—"I am king, and I am going to see what is behind the curtain." Thereupon the Jewish spirit rose in protest and anxiety. The whole city was in turmoil and in prayer. The arrogant king persisted, and the story as we read it here is that at the last extremity there was a supernatural interposition of some kind and the king saw something which scared him out. But instead of being duly impressed with the majesty and dignity of the situation, he went back to Alexandria swearing vengeance upon the Jew. He issued a decree commanding everybody to bow down before the pillar which he had erected as an object of worship. To his chagrin and annoyance, less than about three hundred Jews were craven enough to bend the knee at this false altar, whereupon he waxed more indignant than before and issued another decree, in obedience to which Jews in all parts of the country, men, women and children, were to be brought in irons to the big hippodrome, an uncovered arena. The very word hippodrome indicates a Latin contact which helps fix the date of the writer. Then the keeper of the elephants was ordered to make them as fierce as possible by feeding them scented herbs and unmixed wine. The order was to pile the Jews up in this hippodrome and then drive the drunken and maddened elephants in to trample them to death. Of course there were multitudes of prayers and earnest appeals sent up to Yahveh. As a result of these prayers Philopater had a long sleep. Finally the chief keeper of the elephants was sent to wake him up. "Here," said he, are all the people waiting for the show; the elephants are drunk, and you are not around." But Philopater seemed to be dazed. He had forgotten all about it, and it went over that day. But the next day he repeated the command. Three times the command was given, and the third time the thing was attempted. But when the doors were opened everybody but the Jews saw an apparition of two mighty angels above the hippodrome, guarding the children of Israel and scaring everybody else; and the maddened elephants turned around and trampled down their keepers and the people with great devastation. This scared Philopater into his senses and he issued an order that all the Jews should be sent home in safety and their property restored. But the Jews—and here comes the sad part of the story—were so elated over their escape that they ordered a great festival of seven days, an improvised Feast of Tabernacles, and having secured the permission of the king to turn around and install themselves as persecutors, took vengeance upon the three hundred Jews who had bent the knee to the gods of Egypt. Then they went home and were happy evermore.

This book was apparently written in the Christian era, perhaps about the year 45. It is the story of an event which happened about two hundred years before the book was written. Caligula did do something like what is here told of Philopater, if Josephus is to be credited; he did threaten and perhaps carry out some cruel wholesale persecutions of the Jew.

The theory is that the writer of this book, by projecting the story back two hundred years, was able to talk current politics without having his head taken off. There is just this core of history in it: The battle mentioned in the first chapter, by which Philopater turned the Syrian army and retook Jerusalem, was an actual event. The remainder of the book is, without doubt, an apocryphal story. It was probably written in Greek just in the very dawn of the Christian era for the purpose of staying the courage of the Jew.

This book, like the rest, is characterized by two or three beautiful prayers. When in straits the Jew generally has a good prayer. He has given us the great devotional literature of the world.

The whole composition of the third book of Maccabees is a beautiful document of trust, showing how in the face of every insult and danger they extricated themselves by simply falling back on prayer. It was a non-combatant battle, a battle of faith against weapons of violence, and faith was triumphant. Looked at in this way, as a literary gem, it is full of meaning and suggestion.

The Study Table.

With The Tide.

Wave by wave o'er the sandy bar,
Up to the coast lights, glimmering wan,
Out of the darkness deep and far,
Slowly the tide came creeping on.
Through the clamor of billowy strife
Another voice went wailing thin;
The first faint cry of a new-born life
Broke on the night—and the tide was in.

Wave by wave o'er the sandy bar,
Back again from the sleeping town,
Back to the darkness deep and far,
Slowly the tide went dropping down.
Silence lay on the chamber of death;
Silence lay on the land about;
The last low flutter of weary breath
Fell on the night—and the tide was out.

—*Anonymous.*

American Literature.

Mary Fisher has contributed a well-written "Survey of American Literature" to the already large library of books devoted to American letters. The multiplication of these studies seems to indicate a growing self-consciousness on the part of the American people and any new treatment of the historical phases of our literature is to be highly commended. This work has grown out of the author's discussions in her class room—which fact accounts doubtless for the rather conventional and academic treatment of men and movements. In the effort to arrive at correct academic judgment of books, the value of originality and striking individual genius is apt to be belittled. The two striking and original geniuses in American literature are Poe and Whitman—two men about whom there is still dispute and who put to the test, therefore, the critics interpretive powers. Miss Fisher's treatment of the two is disappointing, though it is about what appears in all the text books. Of Poe she says: "Genius is not denied him; but far from being of the highest order, it is seen to be very narrow in its range, and within that range morbid and analytic rather than sound and creative." There must be some defect in the point of view of a critic who could write thus of Poe at the very time when Hamilton Mabie was affirming at the University of Virginia the supremacy of Poe among American men of letters amid the plaudits of his audience. Poe was an originator, a liberator and, as Mr. Mabie says, he holds a first place by reason of the complete and beautiful individuality of his work, its distinction of form and workmanship, its purity of art. Poe stood for some deeper things than what Miss Fisher perceives. But while only gently protesting against the estimate of Poe, I was dumbfounded when I came to the section on Whitman: "An acceptance of Whitman's teaching is a denial of nature's lessons; it is a step backward: and as long as there is in human nature an instinct that impels it forward, a love of decency and order, a cheerful obedience to law in the knowledge that it is the foundation of all free, healthy life, a clear discrimination between what tends to human welfare and what tends to human destruction, a refined appreciation for the graces as well as the substance of art,—there will be no place for Walt Whitman among the great thinkers and poets of the world." Well, my reading of Whitman is so different from this that there is no common ground even for dispute. Richard La Gallienne said the other day that Whitman had told more truth about life than any man who ever lived, and there are scientists like Hardock Ellis who believe that there is hope for the progress of the race only in the acceptance of life in the terms of Walt Whitman.

John Phelps Fruit has a recent volume on "The Mind and Art of Poe's Poetry." This is an exhaustive study of the special theme from the point of view of aesthetic criticism, the function of which, as Walter Pater describes it "is to distinguish, analyze, and separate from its adjuncts, the virtue by which a picture, a landscape, a fair personality in life or in a book, produces this special impression of beauty or pleasure, to indicate what the source of that impression is, and under what conditions it is experienced." Mr. Fruit starts right, but this is a mode of criticism that requires great subtlety of mind and special poetic sensibility, such as Walter Pater exhibited in all his fine papers. I do not find this quality of distinction in Prof. Fruit's treatment of Poe—he is perhaps too analytic. But within the field of analysis the book is helpful. What one misses in it is delicacy, elusiveness, something of that same vague aestheticism that distinguished Poe's own treatment of life.

Some years since Mr. Stedman noted that his largest critical budgets—which he made up of articles of the different authors—were those of Poe and Whitman. This continues to be true. They baffle the critical mind and provoke it to excursion after excursion in the pursuit of those qualities that remain ever unexplained. William M. Salter has published his two addresses on Whitman, one declaring the "Great Side," the other the "Questionable Side" of Whitman. To my mind the first of these essays is by far the better—just for the reason that the positive and sympathetic treatment for subject calls out one's own powers, while the negative is usually barren and without vital attachment. Then I am not at all convinced that Whitman, in trying to enforce the dualistic distinction between what is called good and evil, is not in line with the most advanced thought—at least he is not more than "questionable," and it is well perhaps to raise the issue. Personally I take Lester Ward's view of ethics and so find Whitman very much to my mind, wondering if Mr. Salter's side is not itself a little "questionable." Still it is not easy to question the judgment of one who exhibits such a beautiful spirit in the controversy as Mr. Salter does.

OSCAR L. TRIGGS.

"A general survey of American Literature," by Mary Fisher, A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. "The Mind and Art of Poe's Poetry," by John Phelps Fruit, A. S. Barnes & Co., N. Y. "Walt Whitman," by William Mackintire Salter, S. Burns Weston, Philadelphia.

Paul Topinard.

The author of this work is an eminent anthropologist. Years ago his little book, *Anthropology*,* caused an immense sensation and greatly increased French interest in the science of which it treated. His later and greater work, *Principles of General Anthropology*,* remains the only available advanced manual for students. His third work, *Man in Nature*,* presented the results of many years' thought upon the relations between man and the lower animals. These three books are permanently important.

From such a writer we must expect a book of interest and value. It is not derogation to say that in some respects it falls below the three books already mentioned; it is still a book full of suggestion. Something of the lack of the book is due to the misfit between its substance and its title. It is in no sense a discussion of "Science and Faith." It is a study of animal societies, of man as an animal and of man as a member of society. It is the result of an invitation by the editors of *The Monist* to discuss from the standpoint of anthropology "the problems of the

philosophy of science and of the reconciliation of science and faith." Had Dr. Topinard's subject shown that he was writing an anthropologist's view of the origin and growth of societies his treatment would have been freer and happier.

The scope and method of the book will be sufficiently indicated by a quotation from the translator's** preface: "Anthropology—discovers in man an animal only; man in his primitive stage perforce subjective and by a rigorous natural logic egocentric; the law of self preservation, as determining his conduct, both toward nature and his fellow animals, is paramount with him. Sociologically considered therefore man's animality, man's primitive and inherited egocentrism, is the primal source of all the difficulties that arise in society, the arch-enemy to be combatted. And this contradiction, apparent or real, between the individual and the society, between the social evolution as it actually is and the social evolution as we should like it to be, constitutes the problem to be elucidated. How has man been changed from an egocentric to a sociocentric animal? By what ideas? By what forms of reasoned conduct? By what organized impulses? By what forms of evolution, natural and artificial? And—what room does the past furnish us for guidance in the future?"

FREDERICK STARR.

* Science and Faith, The Open Court Co., 1899, pp. vi. 374; $1.50.
† Title Translated.
‡ Thomas J. McCormack.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of Unity.

May I please suggest two recent volumes of "short addresses to young men on personal religion," by Francis G. Peabody. (1) "Morning's in the College Chapel." (2) "Afternoons in the College Chapel." He will find them to be reverent, manly and strong. Also the last volume of H. W. Mabie on "Nature and Spirit." The list would be incomplete without Prof. Freeman's "Chapel Prayers." These are some of the latest and best. Respectfully,

Louis H. Buckshorn.

The enormous destruction of birds to supply trimming for women's hats was clearly shown at the fire recently in a factory at Wautagh, L. I., when among the property destroyed were 10,000 stuffed sea-gulls, 20,000 wings of other birds, and 10,000 heads of birds representing varieties from the plumed birds of the south to the ordinary Long Island crow. The plant was owned by William L. Wilson, and the immediate loss was $5,000, although the damage to the business was much greater. Mr. Wilson had just received a large shipment of valuable bird skins preparatory to beginning his preparations for next season's trade, and thousands of these were destroyed. The establishment has men stationed at different points along the Atlantic coast from Maine to Flordia, and some of them kill a great many birds during the season. The greatest record made by any one man was 141,000 killed in one season in Florida.—From Country Gentleman, Dec. 14th.

Seek your life's nourishment in your life's work.—Phillips Brooks.

It is said that a million and a half birds were killed in Venezuela to satisfy the demands of 1899 on the part of women for aigrettes. Where will they come from this year? If we want to see the birds in the twentieth century, we shall have to go to paradise, where guns and hats are excluded.

True prayers are desires spoken; true works, desires passing into endeavor.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

SUNDAY—Faith and wonder and the primal earth, are born into the world with every child.
MONDAY—God is in all that liberates and lifts; in all that sweetens, humbles and consoles.
TUESDAY—Nothing that keeps thought out is safe from thought.
WEDNESDAY—
Surely as the unconscious needle feels the far-off loadstone draw,
So strives every gracious nature to at one itself with law.
THURSDAY—Each age must worship its own thought of God.
FRIDAY—Mid the battle din, the wiser ear some text of God divines.
SATURDAY—While the world is left, while nature lasts and man the best of nature, there shall be some freshness, some unused material for wonder and for song.

—*J. R. Lowell.*

Winter Jewels.

A million little diamonds
Twinkled in the trees,
And all the little children said,
"A jewel, if you please!"

But while they held their hands
To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came,
And stole them all away.

—*From Songs and Games for the Little Ones.*

Chinese New Year in California.

Even in a small town of California, as in this town of 5,000 population, upon Chinese New Year's eve one can, within a five minute walk, be within a civilization as different as if of another world. Certainly the streets are the same narrow, cramped thoroughfares as by daylight, and the houses no more crowded or squatting, but now there are decorations everywhere and festivities which emphasize particularly the peculiarities of the race.

The house altars are garnished, the tapers lighted anew, and the red strip of paper upon which are written good wishes for the coming year and prayers for happiness—fuh—decorate the walls and the doorways. There is no self-consciousness about the Chinaman, and though the streets are thronged with people, the windows, if there are any, are open, and one can look in, without any apparent embarrassment to the occupants of the dwelling, upon the proceedings of private life. One woman, perhaps, is pasting down her already pasted hair and having finished, changes her stockings; another is dividing her time between the puffing of a cigarette and the wielding of the brush with which she is writing. In the streets without, the noise is increasing—the striking of cymbals, the beating of pigskin drums and the shrill shrieking of a fife-like instrument. Walk out, and erected in the middle of the thoroughfare you will see the Chinese joss to which they are rendering their worship, the altars on which are placed the burning vermillion candles, sticks of sandal wood, the blooming, sacred Chinese lilies and the food offerings of dainty dishes. A dressed chicken stands erect reaching out from its pastry dress ghastly, bony hands which grasp a fishing pole; two miniature pea-fowls nestle in a similar pastry, but one can only guess what they are from the the real feathers which adorn their tails.

America a free country where every one is permitted to "worship according to the dictates of his own conscience?" Verily. See the Chinese priest push aside the crowd and form an open space leading down to

the scaffolding for the fireworks. The joss must witness them.

The streets are already strewn with the red remains of burned firecrackers, but the fireworks are only beginning. A piece is elevated, the fuse touches it, there is an explosion and out drop a number of little images, doll babies we would call them, which whirl around in a merry dance while fire falls in thick showers all around. This piece in which these grotesque, bright-costumed babies of from one to two feet in length play an important part, seems to be the favorite exhibition, and there is a great scuffle for the dolls when the fire burns out and they are lowered to the ground. But there is always one piece at least of great complication, the construction of which must require much skill, patience, knowledge and accurate calculation.

The Chinese New Year is a movable festival. While Feb. 6 marks the beginning of the year which is apportioned into 24 tsieh, the New Year festival belongs to the lunar year and comes any time in the first moon after the sun enters Aquarius, which, according to superstitious interpretations, is the will of the joss.

The festivities extend over a period of two or three days, and are of various natures, but in California towns a parade is one of the chief features, and a strange sight it is—a Chinese parade in an American town. Preliminary to the parade religious rites are performed, but they are such that we Americans by seeing cannot understand, and no amount of courtesy or kindliness will elicit an explanation from the Chinamen. This is due in part at least, we presume, to their inability to express such thoughts in our language, but it is also partially explained by the fact of their constant habit of reticence and secrecy, which is a deep-seated racial characteristic. The ceremonials seem both in the manner they are rendered and in the way they are received by the witnessing Chinese congregation, dry, lifeless forms with little if any sacredness attached to them. The altars and josses baffle all description, for, to an American eye, they are simply a conglomeration of crude ornaments and bright colors without beginning or end, head or tail. The joss however which on this occasion is the object of especial genuflexions, contains a tablet with a Chinese inscription which apparently has something to do with the birthday of the New Year.

In all their customs and ceremonies and decorations there is evidence of the crowded, confined life of their nativity. No light, no air not laden with the breath of incense and scented tapers, has yet found way into their joss houses; none of Nature's free models have yet taken the setness and artificial kinks out of—even their fireworks.

JUNE MILLER.

Hark! Hark!

Hark! hark! my children, hark!
When the sky has lost its blue,
What do the stars say in the dark?
"We must sparkle, sparkle through."

What do the leaves say, when the storm
Blows them all in heaps together?
"We must keep the flowers warm,
Till they wake in fairer weather."

What do little birdies say,
Flying through the gloomy wood?
"We must sing the gloom away;
Sun or shadow, God is good."

—*Baldwin's Reader.*

Seek your life's nourishment in your life's work.—*Phillips Brooks.*

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The Field.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY.

The seventh annual meeting of the shareholders of this company was held pursuant to call at All Souls Church, Chicago, January 31, 1900, at 8 p. m. The report of the directors showed that the company had assumed the direct publication of UNITY since July 1, 1899, with gratifying result. It had secured a reduction of expense and an increase of facilities. An assessment of ten per cent. was ordered for the current year and an effort will be made to replace these thirty returned shares and to sell for full value the eighteen blank shares upon which nothing has yet been paid.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, G. E. Newman; Secretary, Annie L. Kelly; Treasurer, Mary B. Burroughs. Directors for three years: Jenkin L. Jones, Mrs. E. Lackersteen, Miss A. A. Ogden, Mrs. W. H. Mallory. Other directors: Wm. Kent, Geo. Shibley, D. G. Wheeler, F. A. Bagley, H. J. Thayer, G. E. Newman and A. L. Kelly.

After the adjournment of the shareholders the directors held an executive session and elected the following officers: President, Gideon F. Newman; Secretary, Annie L. Kelly; Treasurer, Mary B. Burroughs.

The undersigned congratulate the company on the clearer grasp it has upon the situation and confidently solicit the further co-operation of the UNITY readers.

GIDEON E. NEWMAN, President.
ANNIE L. KELLY, Secretary.
February 1, 1900.

FRANCE.—Bossuet is to have a monument to be erected at Meaux, of which he was the "Eagle," and M. Brunetiere, his disciple editor of the formerly Voltairean Revue des Deux Mondes, has given two lectures in Rome, the proceeds of which lectures will go toward the erection of this monument. He handled his subject—the teachings of Bossuet—with exceptional ability. No less than twelve cardinals were present and nearly all the prelates and dignitaries of the papal court.

SWITZERLAND.—The central committee of the Swiss Ministers' Society has put the following topics on its program for the general assembly to be held at Glarns the last of August, 1900: 1. The Theological Transformations of the Nineteenth Century, by Prof. G. N. Schulthess-Rachberg of Zurich. 2. Protection Due Through State Legislation to the Christian Institutions of Marriage and the Family, Studied Especially from the Point of View of the New Projects of Federal Law, by Rev. Paul Kind of Schwanden (Glarus).

ENGLAND.—A unique conference was recently held in Oxford. Fifteen theologians met there to discuss various dogmatic questions, particularly the conception of sacrifice. Five were doctors belonging to the High Church, five others were also Anglicans, but of the Low Church, or evangelical, party, and the remaining five were Dissenters. It is said that a report of the conference will soon be published. Meanwhile the papers assert that its most striking result has been the demonstration that the theologians of these different schools are not in reality so far apart in their views as they supposed.

PARIS—A work of evangelization among the deaf mutes has been recently started in Paris by an ex-priest, M. Vigier, who when he belonged to the Catholic clergy had charge of instructing and confessing this class of communicants. Now, having become a Protestant, he puts his experience and his zeal at the service of his new co-religionists. He conducts a service for them every Sunday in a hall on the Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle, and a committee made up of representatives from the different Protestant churches has been organized to direct the work. M. Vigier has already discovered 500 Protestant deaf mutes in Paris, and he estimates that there must be about 3,000 of them. It is to be hoped the latter figure will be found inexact.

NORWAY.—Relics have their destinies and sometimes they are strange ones. Olaf or Olaus II, king of Norway, surnamed the Great or Saint, who died in 1033, was canonized by the church for his efforts to spread Christianity throughout his realm. One of his arms was preserved for a long time in the cathedral of Drontheian, the city which was his capital. About a century ago, Norway having been annexed to Denmark, these bones were taken to Copenhagen and deposited in the museum of that city simply as an object of curiosity. A Catholic priest claimed them and obtained their restitution, thanks to the intervention of the queen, Josephine. The bones were sent back to Norway and, becoming again a relic, were venerated in the Catholic chapel in Christiania. But lo! the Norwegian government now claims them as a national souvenir, and as being its property, all the more because in their long sojourn in Drontheian cathedral, which is a Protestant church, they were neither considered as a relic nor as the property of the church. Father Faliose, apostolic vicar, and hence head of the Catholics in Norway, absolutely refuses to restore the member in question and declares that he will leave the country sooner than give it up. So the matter stands.

GEORGIA, ATLANTA.—The students of Atlanta University had the pleasure last week of hearing Charles W. Wood, professor of English at Tuskegee, Ala. Professor Wood is a graduate of Beloit College, Wisconsin, and is a reader of somewhat unusual ability. His well-chosen selections were enthusiastically appreciated.

Atlanta University has been chosen to prepare the negro exhibit for the exposition at Paris. Dr. W. E. B. DuBois is in charge of this work, and has just completed the first series of charts, which will be sent to Paris at once. These thirty-one charts graphically illustrate every phase in the development of the negro from slavery to what he is at the present time, taking up such questions as family life, mortality, crime, education, religion, property, occupation, and showing the development from decade to decade since 1860. They also compare the negro and white population in various ways, and in some cases, as in illiteracy, compare the negro with other countries. These results are not put down in the shape of dry statistical reports, but are shown by lines, blocks or circles, with the different proportions shown in various colors. The main gist of each chart may thus be seen at a glance, while the exact figures are also there for anyone who wishes them.

Dr. DuBois has devoted much time and care to this investigation, and has been most successful not only in the interesting and instructive results of his research, but in the extreme effectiveness of the color arrangement and, indeed, of the whole scheme of illustrating the points he wished to bring out. An even more thorough investigation is now being carried on, the results of which will be completed and ready to send to Paris in April.

WINNETKA.—This beautiful suburb of Chicago is trying a most interesting experiment. One that seems to be the only way out of the unfortunate deadlock that exists in too many communities between the Church and Culture or at least a large part of respectable society that absents itself from Church ministrations. Here a men's Sunday Club has been organized that takes possession of the pretty town hall on Sunday evening, provides a musical program consisting of expert singers and congregational hymns and then provides for an address by some visiting speaker, drawn from a variety of religious organizations and secular callings. Last Sunday night the editor of UNITY spoke to an audience of two hundred or more. Mr. Salter previously had been heard—other speakers are arranged for. Let other towns go and do likewise.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—On February 22 Mr. Jones gave a reading from Kipling before a large audience in Mr. Sprague's church. In the evening of the same day he gave an illustrated lecture on Millet at Big Rapids. Mr. Sprague's work is flouirishing, as work will flourish with so much genuine enthusiasm back of it.

Special for Easter.

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Books Received.

SMALL, MAYNARD & CO.,
Boston, Mass.

Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable, by Ernest Crosby. $1.50.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS,
New York City.

Alexander the Great.

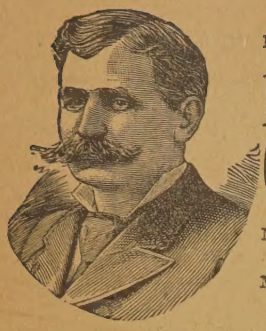
The Merging of East and West in Universal History, by Benjamin Iede Wheeler.

Problems in Ethics or Grounds for a Code of Rules for Moral Conduct.

The Priest's Marriage, by Nora Vynne.

Not where, nor how, nor when we know,
Nor by what stages thou shalt grow;
We may but whisper faint and low,
It shall be surely well.
It shall be well with thee, O soul,
Though the heavens wither like a scroll,
Though sun and moon forget to roll,
O soul, it shall be well.

—*Lewis Morris.*



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